



Old Illuminator The Whisky

Made, blended, & sampled in the fortifications
of South Knoxville! Aged for 56 hours in the
radiator of Marshall's FICAMINO!! DRINK THIS!!!
Then SHIT, Dye, or go BLIND, I don't CARE! OLDE
ILLUMINATOR is renowned for its GENTLE, silky smooth
demednon & creepy Aftertaste. Described as a fine
LIQUER perfect for cool evenings in dark Alleys with
STANGERS!!!

Ingredients & Fixins: Hell Fire, LEAD PAINT chips,
Pork rinds, copper wire, Pimento Cheese,
BRAKE FLUIDS, SOFT PUPPIES, AND
oils of incoherences

XX No. 9 XX

SOUTH KNOXVILLE
ILLUMINATED
GAZETTEER
VOL 1 NO 9

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LETTER

2 HIKING AND
SUCH

3 STRANGE SOUTH
KNOXXX

South Knoxville illuminated
Gazetteer is edited by SARA BAKER
My long suffering friend. SKIG is currently
looking for intelligent highly motivated self
starters to MAN A pair of 50 caliber machine
Guns in my backyard No experience nec
essary. I'm Also looking for a music/art
Editor if interested give me a holler!!



F. O. G.

friends of garry
beneficence society
letter to the huddled masses


Halloween has come and gone and the maelstrom of holiday-frenzied madness is upon us like a Hebraic plague of locusts. This year I'd do the smart thing, stock up on beer/bullets and gold coins. Don't forget to pilfer Mamaw's jewelry box; could come in handy later on. So could her kidneys/liver/organs for that matter so don't let her starve too much. Those parts/pieces will be worth their wait in valuable commodities (cha-ching).

Anyway, enough with the gloom and doom. I'm happy as a maggot in a road-dead opossum belly. Global optimism exudes from the pores of my oh-so-fair skin. I've got steam in my stride and am formulating a plan in my brain. Been working on the house lately, put in a fancy high-dollar hot water heater and had some plumbing done. I even started watching some of those fancy home-make over shows. Pissed me off, going into some random



UNCLE
JOE
A beloved
MAN OF
the
people





X X X

couple's home and all of a sudden some good-lookin', slick-talking contractors are helping you pick out new drapes and faucets, telling you how shitty and cluttered your life is. Screw those assholes. I bet in six months those made-over homes will be sold on the auction block or cluttered/filthy/trashed/burned out the way God intended. People's homes are a wreck; my own home is like trying to polish a turd, yes it's filthy. Unless you're loaded there's no way to keep your house immaculate and everything working in perfect harmony. Forget that shit, get out of the box; go do something besides building your nest.

I'm gonna make my own home improvement show and we're all going to be ugly, smelly folks without fashion sense. Also, we'll have no real skills, except I'll be nurse so if you hit yourself in the head with a hammer I can call an ambulance without freaking out. Our show will feature coffee/beer drinking, and only the last 20 minutes of the program will involve painting or mismeasuring of a door frame/window and putting it in backwards. Occasionally, I might try to coax a "special guest" to come aboard. The end of my show will





Store On Pl

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Slit Garden-Hose Lengths Make Excellent To



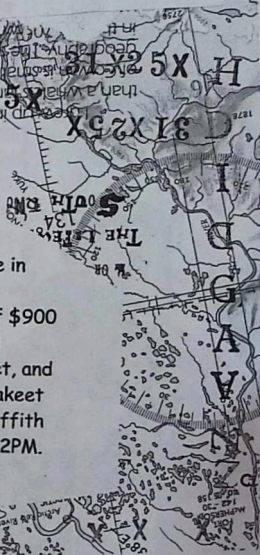
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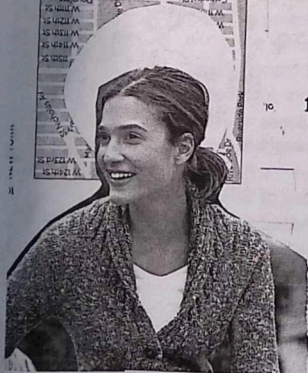
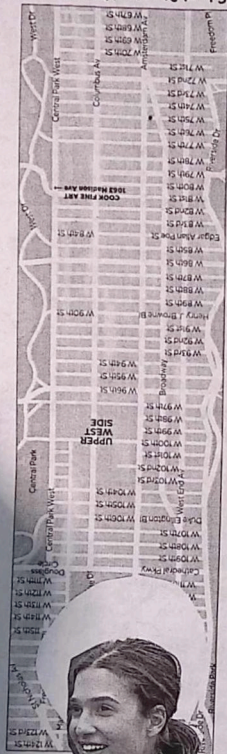
REASONS TO NOT MOVE TO BROOKLYN

1. I/you like/s to burn stuff/things/books/people in the backyard
2. Monthly rents in excess of \$900 for a one-bedroom/shared bathroom across the street, and a neighbor who owns a parakeet that whistles the Andy Griffith theme song from 6AM to 12PM. Not that hip.

always end in frustration/angst/bitter apathy and remonstrations to shuck it all and go for a hike in the woods or an abandoned industrial site/quarry.

AND ANOTHER THING - Why is everyone and their grandmaw moving to Brooklyn/NYC. Starting to smell a conspiracy here. Sure it's more liberal, cultured, the center of world finance, higher learning, and has a notable absence of college football enthusiasts. But is Knoxville really so bad? To this end, I've ingeniously devised a list of reasons for you/me/anyone else to NOT move to Brooklyn/NYC or any other place for that matter.





3. I would miss the throngs of UT Football fans and oh-so-much tailgating drunken rednecks.
4. SUN-DROP!!!!
5. Biscuits & gravy taste better down South
6. My music scene is cooler than your music scene
7. Green Acres Flea Market
8. Mexican food and the Porn Store at Green Acres Flea Market
9. Walking along dried lakebeds and looking for old PBR cans/bottles and finding bridges/chimneys instead.
10. Kay's Ice Cream - to the devil your rocky/slate slab and stone cold creameries! All I want is some decent ice cream for a decent price.
11. I've got a bar in my basement/garage, where bands can play, and you can hear the cicada's sing, or enjoy the hum of a Coleman lantern or feel the warmth of a bonfire. Hell, you guys don't even get basements—you're probably lucky to have a closet.

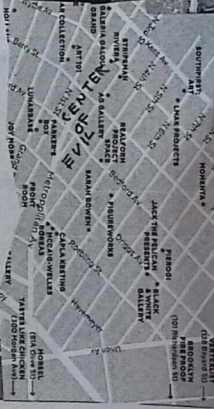
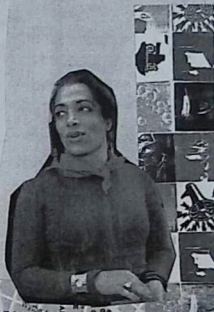
So with these irrefutable facts in mind I seriously hope you will

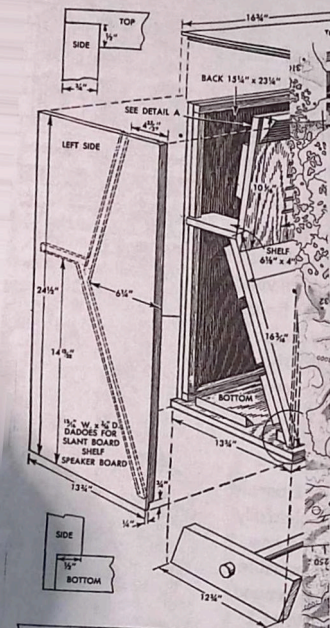


vigorously entertain notions of repatriating yourselves back home to Knoxville where you belong. Yeah guys the brain-drain is starting to hurt - bad.

BTW, I am so glad the election is over. Soon the communist takeover will be made plain, and Americans will become mindless zombies yoked to wheel of the Comintern's 5-year plan. We will toil gleefully under the watchful eye of Big Brother Obama - "You'll work hard for a bowl of rice a day, slave for soldiers till you starve and your head is skewered on a stake!" - Dead Kennedy's. Being as I barely have a pot to piss in, I'll gleefully throw my cards in with the new regime. I've already got valuable naval intelligence rattling around inside my brain bucket. What I don't know I'll make up. Anything to get ahead and stay out of the soup lines.

Rumor has it that Hillary Clinton (in black leotard with Anne Coulter and Rush Limbaugh's heads on a pike) will be heading up the UN Peacekeeping Force responsible for maintaining peace/harmony/social integrity and enforcing socialized



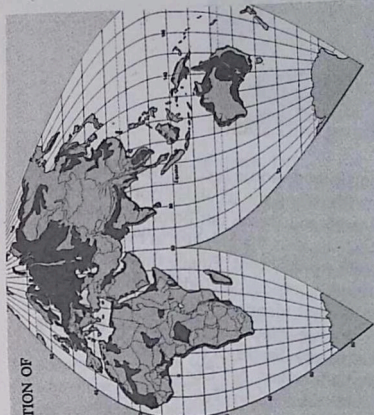


healthcare on obstinate masses of Americans earning over \$250,000 per annum. Nobody in this country will ever make over \$250,000 a year EVER!!!! Uncle Karl likes to say, "The proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest by degrees all capital from the bourgeois, to centralize all elements of production into the hands of the state...." - excerpt from The Communist Manifesto.

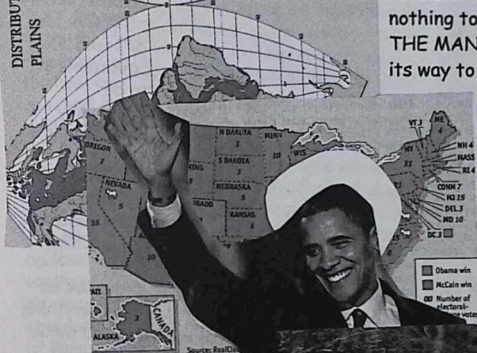
Your right to own a rusty shotgun will not be infringed upon. However, your ability to purchase one of those shiny new stainless steel 40mm street sprayers with collapsible butt-stock and El-Machisimo-Extenda-Mag capabilities will be severely limited as per STANDARD HOUSE COMMITTEE RULES PARAGRAPH A - SECTION 2B/1245. Mount Rushmore will be getting a facelift by the way: on the way - Uncle Ho, Pol Pot, and Uncle Joe Stalin. Stone Mountain, Georgia, is slated to become the repository for all nuclear waste, missile-testing site, and repeat boutique.

Never in my wildest rantings and ravings did I ever dream something as entertaining/exciting as this



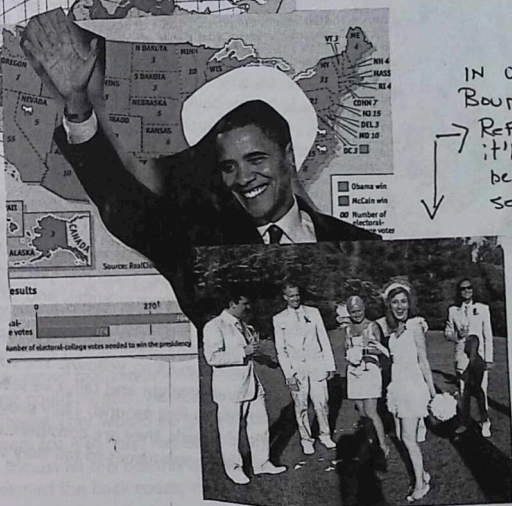


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could happen in an election. The bourgeois should tremble in their malls/temples of consumer materialism at the thought of the dictatorship of this proletariat.

"The communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains." - THE MANIFESTO - soon to find its way to a coffee table near you.

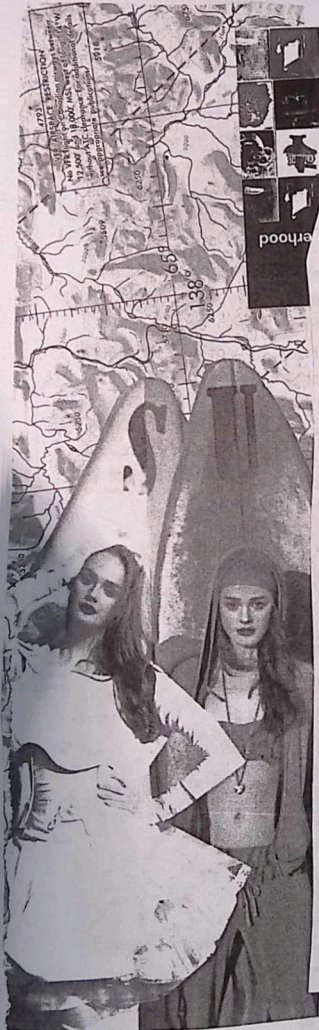


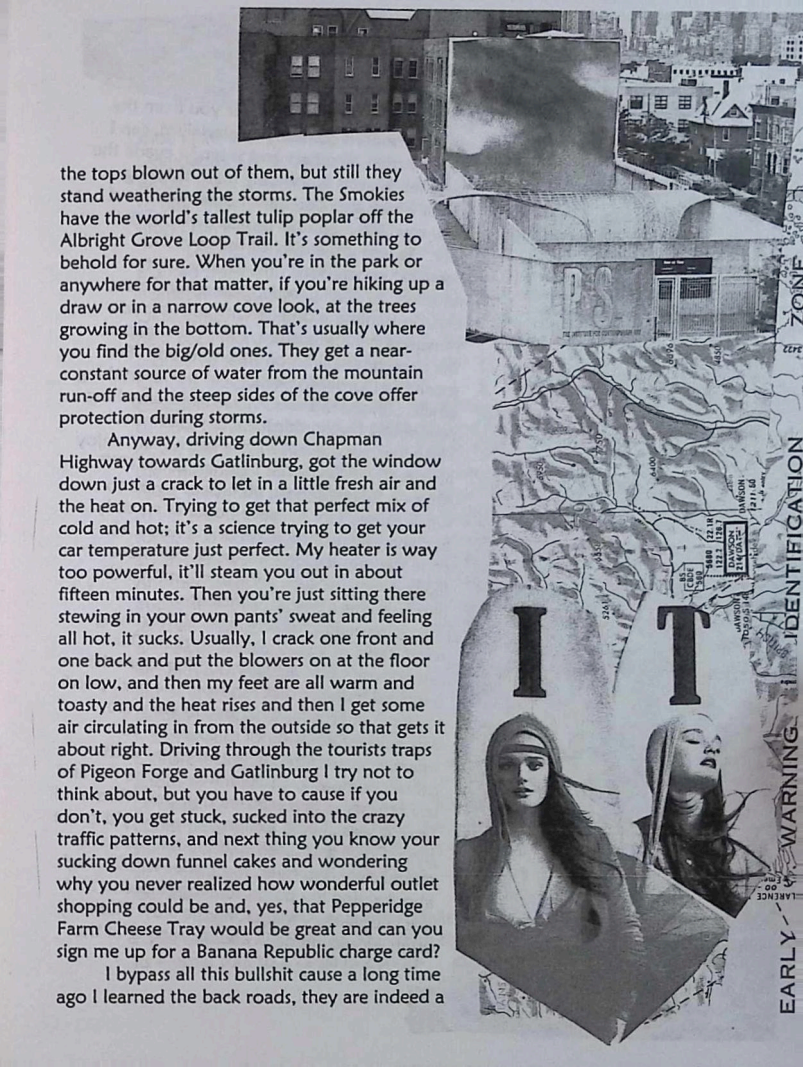
IN OBAMALAND

Bourgeois
Refuge Park
it'll always
be open
season on the
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kids
Hunt
SUM
TODAY!!!

poorly

The fall air is so crisp and clean. We've had a bit of rain, which has washed everything off and cleaned the rocks and trees and made the world smell new. Trees have all turned. Yellows, deep lustrous oranges, and vibrant reds. The yellows are my favorites; usually it's the tulip poplar's (*Liriodendron Tulipifera*) that have the most exciting yellows. The tulip poplar grows straight and tall. I've seen 'em as big as eighteen feet around. They grow and grow. In the park, they are considered giants. I've seen big poplar trees so tall they've had



The background of the page is a collage. At the top left is a black and white photo of a city skyline. Below it is a photo of a building with a large sign. To the right is a map of a mountainous area with labels like 'DAWSON', 'LAKE', and 'GATLINBURG'. At the bottom are two black and white photos of women's faces. The text is overlaid on these images.

the tops blown out of them, but still they stand weathering the storms. The Smokies have the world's tallest tulip poplar off the Albright Grove Loop Trail. It's something to behold for sure. When you're in the park or anywhere for that matter, if you're hiking up a draw or in a narrow cove look, at the trees growing in the bottom. That's usually where you find the big/old ones. They get a near-constant source of water from the mountain run-off and the steep sides of the cove offer protection during storms.

Anyway, driving down Chapman Highway towards Gatlinburg, got the window down just a crack to let in a little fresh air and the heat on. Trying to get that perfect mix of cold and hot; it's a science trying to get your car temperature just perfect. My heater is way too powerful, it'll steam you out in about fifteen minutes. Then you're just sitting there stewing in your own pants' sweat and feeling all hot, it sucks. Usually, I crack one front and one back and put the blowers on at the floor on low, and then my feet are all warm and toasty and the heat rises and then I get some air circulating in from the outside so that gets it about right. Driving through the tourists traps of Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg I try not to think about, but you have to cause if you don't, you get stuck, sucked into the crazy traffic patterns, and next thing you know your sucking down funnel cakes and wondering why you never realized how wonderful outlet shopping could be and, yes, that Pepperidge Farm Cheese Tray would be great and can you sign me up for a Banana Republic charge card?

I bypass all this bullshit cause a long time ago I learned the back roads, they are indeed a

Shop till you drop



Ten shops
map below
where Suz
Tabak finds
gems, gre
bargains
shoes tha
more tha
sports ca

1. Rare, 22 rue de Grenelle
(00 33 1 42 22 64 40)

I know the owner - she's lovely and has a perfectly
red selection of whimsical bags and purses
people like Lulu Guinness and Billy Bag

de la Falaise, 7 rue de Bourgogne
142 22)

Laurent's muse, and she's so
great for older women.
des Champs

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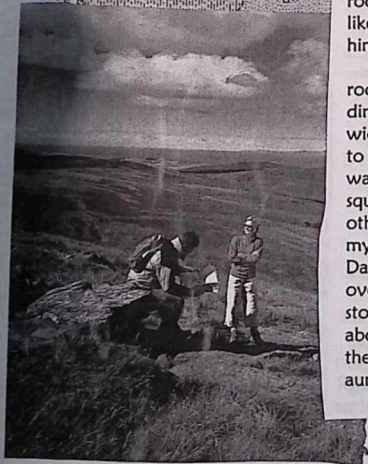
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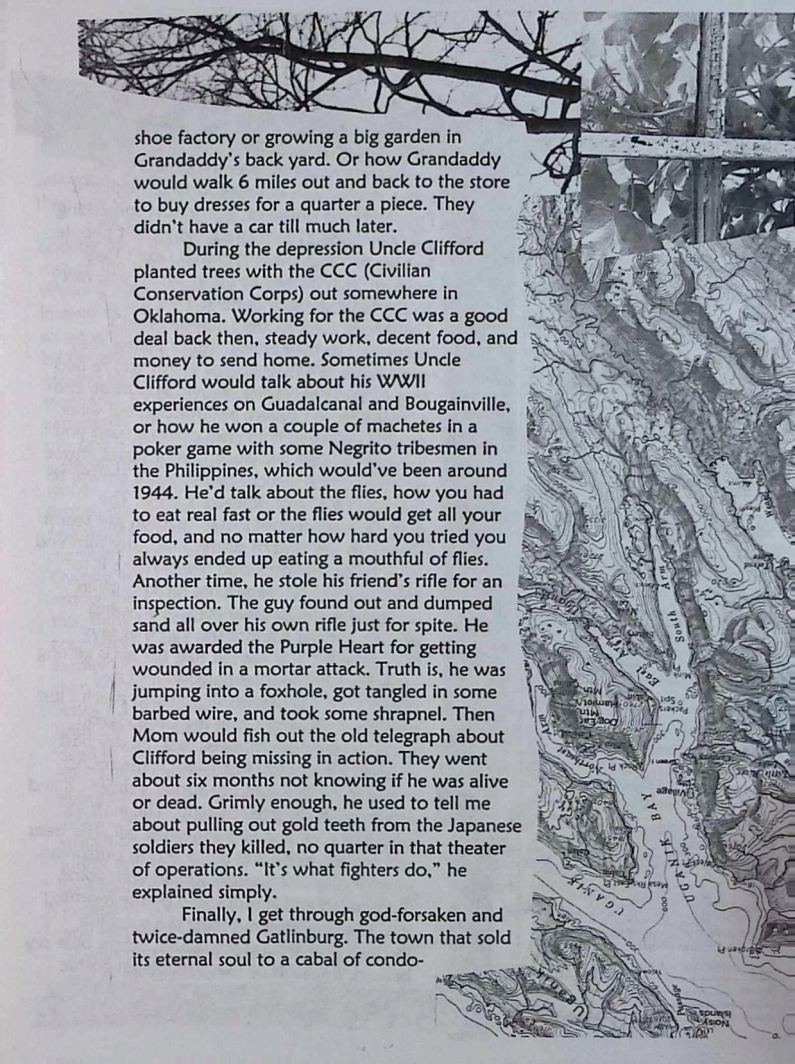
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godsend that will truly deliver you from the evils of modern consumer materialism, can I get an Amen, Brothers and Sisters? I evade the gauntlet. Mind's wandering now, thinking about Mom and Dad back home, work and how my Uncle Clifford passed away back in July. He was a member of the so-called "greatest generation." I'm usually pretty reluctant to label people, generations, pets, and/or inanimate objects with such broad-sweeping generalizations. I think it cheapens the rich complexities of life and events. For example, I know for a fact that not everything Uncle Clifford did was imbued with anything resembling the mythic ideal of "greatness." However, he did suffer, give freely, and enjoy life greatly. From what I gather, Uncle Clifford suffered from idleness, his lack of desire to work caused him to leave home at an early age and take up the ways of the hobo. He rode the rails looking for work, but more likely it was the desire for freedom that drove him from his home in Winchester.

I remember sitting around the dining room table, if you could call it that. Our dining room was actually nothing more than a widened hallway that ran from the back porch to the living room. Cramped as we were, it was all the five or six of us could do to squeeze around the table and enjoy each other's company. Usually, it would be me and my brother, a few aunts and uncles, Mom and Dad. It was always exciting when they'd come over. I'd sit and listen to them tell the same stories over and over. My uncles would laugh about riding the trains, stealing chickens, and the people they met along the way. Then my aunts would chime in about working at the

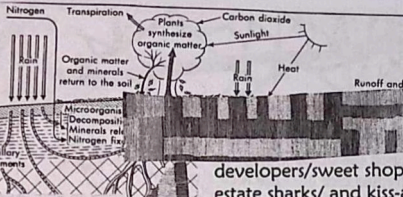




shoe factory or growing a big garden in Granddaddy's back yard. Or how Granddaddy would walk 6 miles out and back to the store to buy dresses for a quarter a piece. They didn't have a car till much later.

During the depression Uncle Clifford planted trees with the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) out somewhere in Oklahoma. Working for the CCC was a good deal back then, steady work, decent food, and money to send home. Sometimes Uncle Clifford would talk about his WWII experiences on Guadalcanal and Bougainville, or how he won a couple of machetes in a poker game with some Negrito tribesmen in the Philippines, which would've been around 1944. He'd talk about the flies, how you had to eat real fast or the flies would get all your food, and no matter how hard you tried you always ended up eating a mouthful of flies. Another time, he stole his friend's rifle for an inspection. The guy found out and dumped sand all over his own rifle just for spite. He was awarded the Purple Heart for getting wounded in a mortar attack. Truth is, he was jumping into a foxhole, got tangled in some barbed wire, and took some shrapnel. Then Mom would fish out the old telegraph about Clifford being missing in action. They went about six months not knowing if he was alive or dead. Grimly enough, he used to tell me about pulling out gold teeth from the Japanese soldiers they killed, no quarter in that theater of operations. "It's what fighters do," he explained simply.

Finally, I get through god-forsaken and twice-damned Gatlinburg. The town that sold its eternal soul to a cabal of condo-



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Occupation

Employed by

developers/sweet shop entrepreneurs/real estate sharks/ and kiss-ass tourist developers. I'm always so pissed off every time something gets developed I get pissed. Why can't people just leave things the hell alone? Don't they have enough money already? When you talk to the real people that have lived in Gatlinburg forever, they despise what's happened to their home, but of course they can't leave; it's their home. When you're tied to a certain geography, it gives you pride and a strong sense of place and history, but what do you do when it all goes down a road you just can't abide? Do you cut your losses, move on and not look back? Everybody's answer to that will be a little different I guess. The overdevelopment of this little town just seems wrong to me, and of course I miss my turn and have to double back and finally make it to Highway 321. This road has recently been widened amongst great controversy and protest. I make a left at the sign that says "Greenbrier." I'm excited that the air is getting colder now. The road narrows and gets bumpy, my CD players skipping so much I just turn it off. Driving along the Little Pigeon River, water's down, been real the dry past couple of months. Usually see some tourist trying to catch a fish, not today. I drive on and around and hang to the right. The air is so crisp and cool and you can smell fall. The trees are straight, cathedral-tall branches outspread, interlocking vast canopy spread with color, illuminated and transformed by the morning sun. Looking up, I'm seeing the sunshine through and around the leaves, bright blue sky behind. It feels holy like a medieval gothic

cathedral, except better, fresher, more sacred than any of man's creations.

I get out of the car. I can see my breath. Locking up, I march out and am greeted by the rush of the streams, the crunch of leaves. Walking down a service road otherwise known as the Porters Creek Trail, I notice old stone walls and cairns. Rock cairns were used by the settlers to mark boundaries. As the ground to my right rises up, I notice some steps and, looking, I see gravestones. Old cemeteries are scattered throughout the park, this one is decorated with brightly colored artificial flowers, everywhere. Most of the stones are simple slabs of slate, a header and a footer, no inscriptions long worn away. A few stones are modern, erected by family members more recently. The names are mostly Ownby and Profit. I only pray my own final resting place will be as quiet and peaceful as this, think I'll probably have to settle for cremation. Can't abide being pumped full of formaldehyde and shoved in a steel box and then sealed up in a concrete sarcophagus. Jesus, it's ridiculous, who the hell comes up with this shit? Gotten so a man can't even be dead in peace, they gotta do all this stuff to him, talk about insult to injury...thinking about funerals. Most of my uncles were in WWII. None of them were heroes by any stretch of the imagination, mostly privates and junior enlisted. They saw the war as something to endure and survive out of practical necessity. They all came home with their arms and legs still in their proper places. It was always pretty hard to get Clifford to talk about any of his experiences in the Pacific. He

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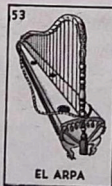
Aunt Leonard's parents



Aunt Lizzies House in
 Decatur

Artline Art

LOTERIA



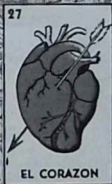
survived, and, for that, I think anyone would be damn proud.

What I remember of Clifford, he was always a wandering man. He would just decide to get into his car and go. Of course, being the man he was, he always had a big guard dog in the back seat, and I imagine he probably always carried a gun. Clifford was a tall man, like his daddy, he had curly salt/pepper hair that to me always resembled an afro. He walked and talked with a long, slow drawl that always pissed off my impatient father. Clifford would show up mostly unannounced but always welcome. It was always a great surprise. I remember one day he showed up and gave me a Dr. Pepper T-shirt. He'd gotten it for free, but he'd had to turn in a bunch of Dr. Pepper soda cans to do it; said he'd walked up and down the highway for hours trying to find the right kind of cans. I wore that shirt for a real long time. Once he gave me squirrel-rifle, still got it, locked up somewhere. A lot of times he'd stop at Stucky's (terrible roadside interstate chain located in the most god awful places) and get me a pecan log. A pecan log is the most disgusting thing imaginable. Uncle Clifford and Aunt Marie always brought me pecan logs. A monstrosity of whipped marshmallow dough, sprinkled with nuts. If not handled properly pecan logs can induce sugar coma in scant minutes. How I hated those things, but of course you never have the courage to say, "Hey, stop giving me this shit." Needless to say I had quite a collection petrifying underneath my bed. Also, Uncle Clifford loved to fish (drink). That man would fish all day and all

night if you'd let him. He and my Uncle Jim would go and fish (drink) all night long.

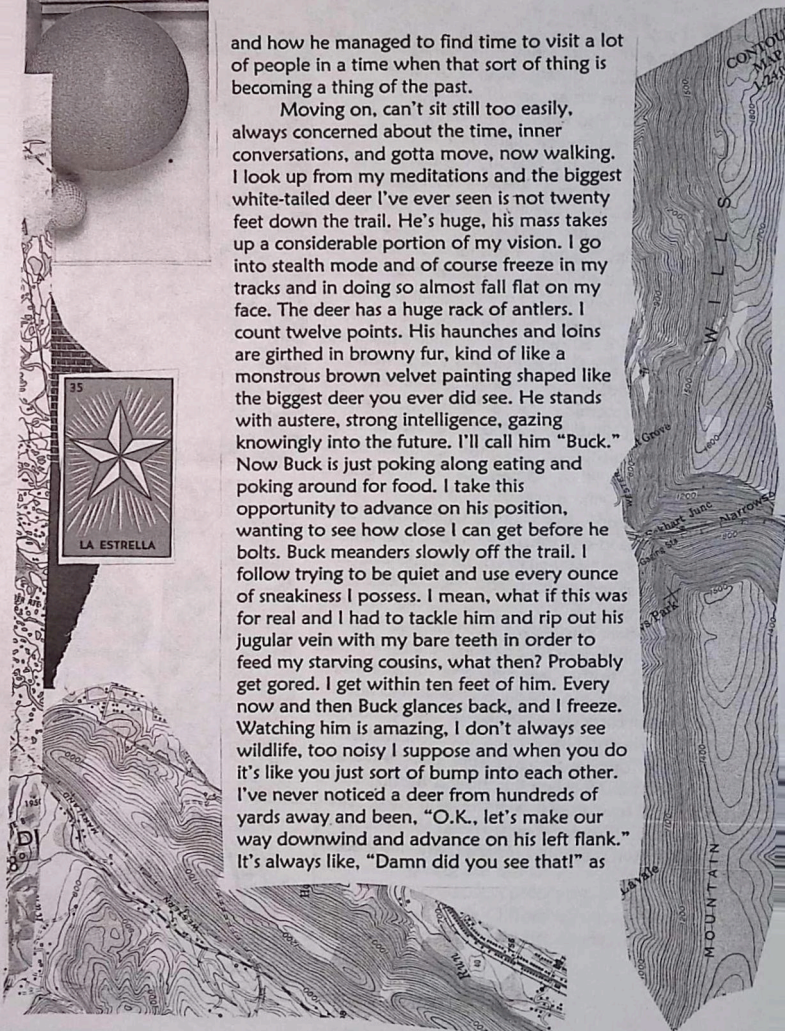
Uncle Clifford had a couple of wives (not at the same time), one of which was accidentally shot and killed by his daughter in some sort of Halloween nightmare. It was called an accident, but nobody's really talking about that. I don't even know any of the real details on this story. I've never met any of his children from his first marriage, as he would not bring them around. His other wife Violet was a lady he'd met who worked at one of the hotels he used to stay at during his travels. She was nice enough. So I heard about Clifford's death. Evidently, he'd fallen at home and gotten a subdural hemorrhage, and from there it was a slow downward spiral into renal failure and systemic collapse. He was active till the end, and skillfully evaded the agony of prolonged hospitalizations and the notion of "assisted living" that plagues our country, and for that I know he is grateful.

I also know that I'll miss Uncle Clifford. He was a good guy who meant well and tried his best. About ten years ago, he found out he had some offspring up in British Columbia. Evidently, Uncle Clifford was a charmer. These people tracked him down after forty or fifty years. So what does he do? Starts taking vacations in British Columbia and turns out he has a grandson in Canada. Maybe it was his last chance for a close family, especially after Aunt Marie and Uncle Jim passed. Now that Uncle Clifford has passed I hope people won't dwell on how he died and his last month. I hope and trust they'll take the long view, and think of all the places he traveled to, how he was his own man, had his faults and his graces,



and how he managed to find time to visit a lot of people in a time when that sort of thing is becoming a thing of the past.

Moving on, can't sit still too easily, always concerned about the time, inner conversations, and gotta move, now walking. I look up from my meditations and the biggest white-tailed deer I've ever seen is not twenty feet down the trail. He's huge, his mass takes up a considerable portion of my vision. I go into stealth mode and of course freeze in my tracks and in doing so almost fall flat on my face. The deer has a huge rack of antlers. I count twelve points. His haunches and loins are girthed in brown fur, kind of like a monstrous brown velvet painting shaped like the biggest deer you ever did see. He stands with austere, strong intelligence, gazing knowingly into the future. I'll call him "Buck." Now Buck is just poking along eating and poking around for food. I take this opportunity to advance on his position, wanting to see how close I can get before he bolts. Buck meanders slowly off the trail. I follow trying to be quiet and use every ounce of sneakiness I possess. I mean, what if this was for real and I had to tackle him and rip out his jugular vein with my bare teeth in order to feed my starving cousins, what then? Probably get gored. I get within ten feet of him. Every now and then Buck glances back, and I freeze. Watching him is amazing, I don't always see wildlife, too noisy I suppose and when you do it's like you just sort of bump into each other. I've never noticed a deer from hundreds of yards away and been, "O.K., let's make our way downwind and advance on his left flank." It's always like, "Damn did you see that!" as



the animals flee. Alright, Buck, I gotta go, I'm tired of stalking you. Buck is tired of me stalking him too. He barely notices as I loudly return to the trail and continue my trek.

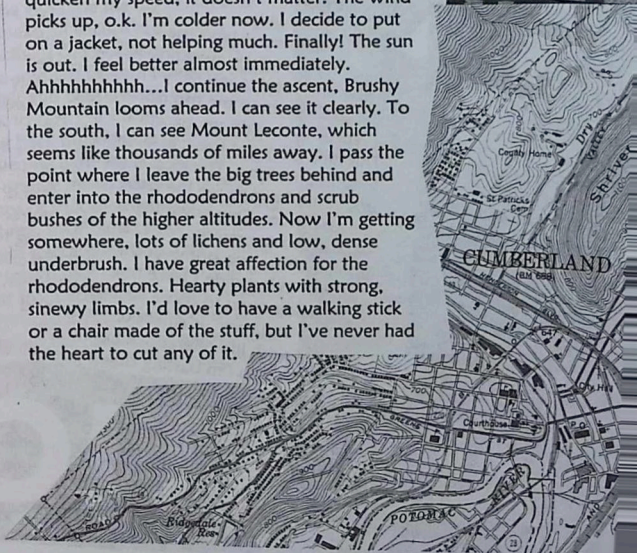
Crossing the streams, looking down gulches (?) at more streams, I'm walking beside stone walls with trees growing up and through them, pass by an old barn, left as testament to the inhabitants of this sacred space. The cantilever barn stands forlorn and solemn like a temple to gods long forgotten and gone. Birds chatter more than I've heard in recent memory. That reassures me. Why? I don't know. Climbing now, sweating now, legs burning. The worst part is of course it's cold, and the higher you get, the colder it becomes. Damn, not so bad if you're on the sunny side of the slope, but guess what? I ain't, and it sucks. My teeth are chattering and sweat is pouring off me like an agnostic in purgatory. I quicken my speed, it doesn't matter. The wind picks up, o.k. I'm colder now. I decide to put on a jacket, not helping much. Finally! The sun is out. I feel better almost immediately. Ahhhhhhhhhh...I continue the ascent, Brushy Mountain looms ahead. I can see it clearly. To the south, I can see Mount Leconte, which seems like thousands of miles away. I pass the point where I leave the big trees behind and enter into the rhododendrons and scrub bushes of the higher altitudes. Now I'm getting somewhere, lots of lichens and low, dense underbrush. I have great affection for the rhododendrons. Hearty plants with strong, sinewy limbs. I'd love to have a walking stick or a chair made of the stuff, but I've never had the heart to cut any of it.




36



EL CAZO





To the top. I make it, well, sort of. I'm now (5 miles later) at a crossroads. Trillium Gap trail continues up to Leconte, and to the west Brushy Mountain goes 0.2 miles to the top of Brushy Mountain. It's a washout of a trail but easy navigating, lined on either side with spongy mosses and lichens. I think about napping on it. Rhododendrons create a swank overhead canopy, and I creep up the trail hunched over, finally emerging into the light. The wind is still, I'm grateful. The trail circles the top of Brushy Mountain, the view is solitary/quiet/clear open magnificent. To the west, civilization; northeast, Greenbrier Watershed and Mount Cammer; south, Mount Leconte – good stuff. Sitting down on a rock, eating cheese, listening to nothing, thinking about nothing, trying really hard to think about nothing. Giving up, I stretch out in the dirt, and looking up at the sky, I finally get my thoughts right. I lay there and listen and just listen.

Five minutes later the sun's rays have dried my perversely sweating self, and with water and food in my belly I'm rejuvenated and excited about the trip down. It's basically a repeat of the trip up, except it's going down. This hike is up and back, as opposed to my favorite, the loop. The loop is great because you don't have to see the same thing twice. You see more. One advantage to the up and back is you can revisit. For example, if there was a hollow tree stump you were desiring to "waller" in but didn't have time, the "up and back" allows you to come back and "waller." The "up and back" is all about the second chance—wish life offered such easy possibilities. So I'm busting down the trail at

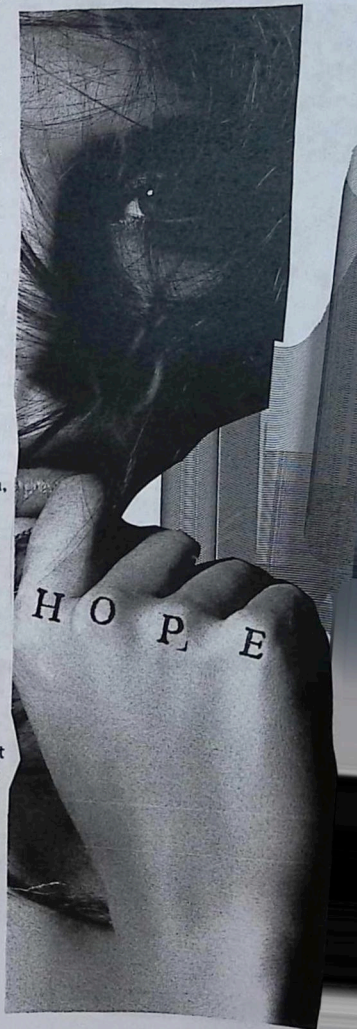


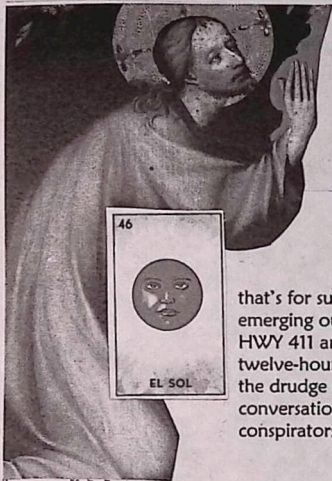
SALVATION

break-neck speed and nearly do several times, leaves are very slippery. I make it to the bottom and all of a sudden I'm confronted with...a beautifully tall blonde.

Yeah, for real. She's got a dog, a black medium retriever type with a blue bandanna tied jauntily around its neck. Back to the girl, she's tall with short blond hair, sleek long legs and wearing next to nothing. Short cut-offs, sandals, and double-layered tank-tops and piercings; she's got a pierced nose, eyebrow, and god only knows what else. Then there's Garry, looking chic in his favorite camouflage pants, red toboggan, and sweaty long-sleeve performance tee-shirt, and big black glasses. Me. I don't look so good. Nice dog, I say. It continues easily from there, we chat casually about photography (oh, she's got a huge camera slung over here shoulder; I forgot mine). We talk about the weather and how terrible the tourists of Pigeon Forge are. She lives there. She gives me the big frown and attempts to make an excuse as if to say, "Yeah, that town sucks." I can't believe she's not hypothermic; I would be so freezing to death. I excuse myself and beat a hasty retreat down the trail back to car.

Driving back through the cathedral of trees with evening light coming through these golden and orange leaves, damn amazing. I pass by troops of special-needs adults waving manically at me, their hands jerking up and down in rapid staccato motion. I dig it and, smiling big, return the favor. Then I stop and watch a bear from across the stream, wouldn't have even noticed if there hadn't been like six cars jamming up the road to get a good look at an "honest to god bear." He's a big one





that's for sure. I drive on slowly, slowly emerging out of the Greenbrier and back onto HWY 411 and back to my other life, the life of twelve-hour workdays, house cleaning/repair, the drudge of mowing the yard, coffee-shop conversations, and good friend/family/co-conspirators and mail-order brides.

OPEN, EACER, CONTEMPORARY, C.





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Kay's
Burger
Fries & 16 oz Coke
\$3.49

Big "K"
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Fries & 16 oz Coke
\$4.15

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C
Fries
\$



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STRANGE SOUTH KNOXVILLE

FOR AN ENTIRE COUNTRY CLIMBSE INTO
THE LEFEWAYS OF A UNUSUALLY ODD
SOUTH KNOXVILLE BUSINESS
MODEL

I grew up in a small town, smaller than a whale's fart actually. My hometown of Cowan is small, small in spirit and geography. The soul went out of the town in the late 70s when the cement plant went out of business, and since that time property values have dwindled and people have moved to more affluent and much-detested Winchester. However, Cowan remains. Like the sulfuric acid residue left behind from the days of strip mining, Cowan just won't knuckle under and go away. Cowan is the weed that can't be killed, no matter how many gallons of DDT or Round-Up dumped upon it. Sure it's slimy and sickly, but it's still there. South Knoxville has that feel to me; it feels small, seedy, cut-off or rather ostracized from the rest of our fair city. I like it that way, I'm fine with it, I encourage the sense of "otherness" that has developed in these parts before I arrived and will hopefully continue long after I'm gone.

ICE CREAM 28 DELICIOUS FLAVORS

CONE OR CUP

1 SCOOP \$1.42

2 SCOOPS \$2.35

OLD FASHIONED DESSERTS

BANANA SPLIT

\$3.89

BANANA WHEEL

\$3.15

HOT FUDGE CAKE

\$3.15

acon
heese
& 16 oz Coke

Chicken
Sandwich
Fries & 16 oz Coke

Fish Filet
Sandwich
Fries & 16 oz Coke
\$4.15

H.O.P.
"Half 'A' Pound"
Fries & 16 oz Coke
\$5.15

In particular, one establishment that has long held a sense of awe and fascination for me is the local Kay's Ice Cream. The classic red/white parlor design can't be beat, and with the huge, resplendent blue, red, and green ice cream cone that stands some fifty feet in the air, it can't be missed. The South Knoxville Kay's Ice Cream Shoppe must be seen to be fully appreciated. Used to be Kay's was everywhere, coast to coast and reputedly even as far away as Montreal Canada where they had a menu in French and served infamous Gravy/Cheese Curd - Fries. Me and Kay's go way back, it was the first place I ever had sherbet, which as a small child was indeed a momentous occasion, sherbet is like having a Christmas Party in your mouth: a cold, sweet treat chock full o' cheer. I would eat my double scoop of sherbet and then blaze forth in a blinding sugar rush that would leave folks huddled in fear, begging for the "Final Solution." Those were the days. This was back when McDonald's and Burger Kings were not on every street corner. As the years went by though, we went less and less. Eventually, Kay's closed and I was thus bereft of my favorite "Shoppe."

What's so "STRANGE" about Kay's Ice Cream Shoppe? Well, it's store number eleven, and it's the only one left. Entering is like stepping back into the early 70s or late 60s. It's pretty original, the red/white décor is not much different than opening day, the ice cream is now Mayfield's. The only thing they sell that says Kay's is the frozen fruit punch, and guess what? No high-fructose corn syrup. Locovore/whores beware, I think this stuff is actually made in

SALADS

CHEF SALAD	\$3.69
GRILL CHICKEN SALAD	\$3.69
SALAD	\$2.39
COLD SLAW	\$.85
STUFFED TOMATO	\$2.99

With Homemade chicken chicken salad

HOT DOGS

CHILI DOG	\$1.09
SLAW DOG	\$1.30
CORN DOG	\$1.09
CHILI	\$2.15
TAMALE	\$1.69
FULL HOUSE	\$3.69



HAMBURGERS

KAYS H.O.P. "Half 'A' Pound"	\$3.49
KAYS LEAN CHUCK	\$2.79
KAYS BURGER	\$1.89
BIG KAY	\$2.49
DOUBLE KAY BURGER	\$2.89
BACON & CHEESE	\$2.49
DOUBLE BIG KAY	\$3.49



TAKE AWAY ITEMS

Knoxville, actually truth be known I make it in my downstairs bathtub - illegal supplier to the sole remaining Kay's, There was a Kay's in Maryville. It closed last year and is now an adult book store/coffee shop. The flourishing of Kay's, a place that sells egg-salad and pimento cheese sandwiches, is a miracle of oddness, a testament to the strange.

South Knoxvillians are a clannish bunch, very much suspicious of the outsider. Very much detesting everyone else, very close to a hair trigger away from burning down your McMansions and car-jacking your Mercedes. So buddy you best watch, use your manners, and tread lightly. Those we choose to call our own, we will protect and nurture, those deemed unworthy are cast aside to rot, to wither on the proverbial vine. That's why we still have real hardware stores, used appliance stores, and Kay's Ice Cream Shoppe. Our Kay's Ice Cream store is the last of it's kind, no really, it's the last one. Kay's was founded by a dairy-farm owner back in 1941 and in its hey-day had around 150 stores and many thousands of migrant worker employees. Now there is only one.

South Knox Kay's has around 24 different ice cream flavors (3 sherbet) and a grill menu that must be seen to be believed. All things soft, mushy, and bland are represented in great abundance. Lunch at Kay's is like stepping into Maw-maw's assisted living center. Yeah, you better bet some strange elderly couple will sit down at your table and offer you half an egg-salad sandwich. I just grin and smile, grin and smile baby. These are my people, and I am their charismatic leader. Menu

Hi there,
YES! No,
well sometimes
but only when
I have gas
then it
radiates
and I
Feel so
bloated, just
can't EAT
Another
Cheeseburger
but I would
love a slice
of pie.
Sure wish
my Eye
would
stop
TWITCHING
.....

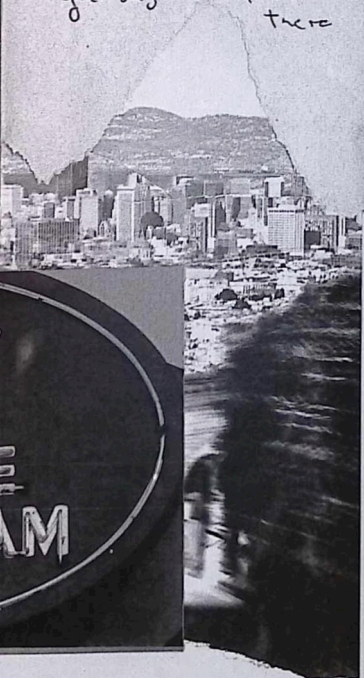
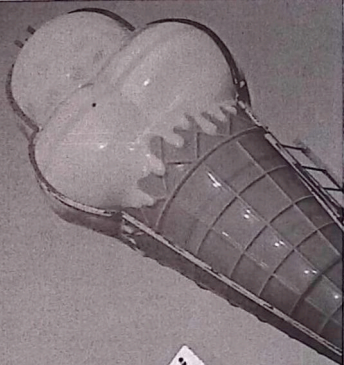
items include but are not limited to: Kay's Burger (bland as hell), Fries (crinkle-style), Chili Cheese Fry Platter, BLT, Slaw Dog, Tamale, Chicken Salad Sandwich, Cole Slaw, and Ham Salad.

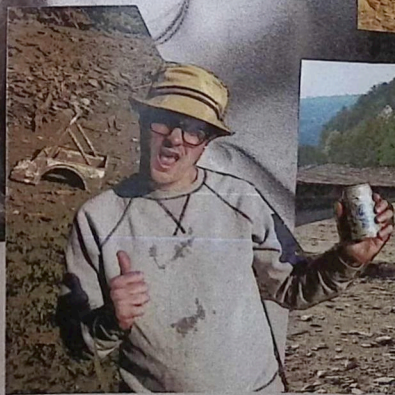
My advice, go for the ice-cream. It's all good and their malts and sundaes are very good in an old-school, I-can't-believe-this-is-so-F-ing-good kinda way. Before I close or go off on yet another rant I'd like to devote a little time to another specialty of this establishment. Red/Green Freshy/Frozen Fruit Punch comes in half-gallon sizes, and all you gotta do is add ginger ale and you are in for a carbonated treat. Need a little non-alcoholic cheer for the Southern Baptist wing of your clan? Then never fear, retro/trendy Red/Green Freshy/Frozen Fruit Punch is here. It will tickle their fancy and provide countless hours of pointed/witty/mindless conversation (especially if spiked with bathtub gin, they won't know, trust me, and the ones that do will thank you later).

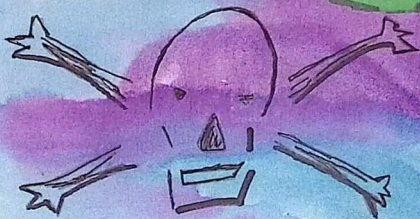
So if you're ever across the river and down in my neck of the woods do give it a go. You won't be disappointed. The place is clean, and staffed by well-behaved, hygienic, simple folk who love nothing better than to serve up a banana split, malt, or grilled cheese sandwich. Kay's Ice Cream Shoppe the last of a dying breed, best enjoy before it's too late and you're sitting around the old folk's home wondering what might have been.

KAYS ICE CREAM
& CHILHOWEE
LAKE EXPLORA-
TIONS - OCT
2008

They drained the
LAKE to fix
the DAM its
like a depressing
garbage pit down
there







STATEMENTS OF FACT

- I BORE EASILY
- YOU'RE PROBABLY BORING THE HELL OUT OF ME WRITE NOW BUT I'M TOO "NICE" TO TELL THE TRUTH
- IF YOU HAVE A GREAT NEW IDEA TOO BAD PROBABLY DONE BEEN DONE BETTER BY SOMEBODY BETTER THAN YOU
- THE WORLD IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL YOU SHOULD SLOW DOWN AND SEE SOME OF IT BEFORE YOU GET YOUR FEET CHOPPED OFF FROM THE DIABETES YOU EARNED DOWN AT TONY DARVINS CORNBREAD CASTLE.... YOU PROBABLY WONT.
- AND NOW FOR SOMETHING YOU'LL REALLY LIKE. HEY ROCKY WATCH ME PULL MY HEAD OUTTA MY ASS !!!